

A

# POEM,

Being an ESSAY

ON

<sup>4°</sup>  
B. 14. 19.  
Line.

The present RUINS in St. PAUL's  
Cathedral.

By J. Wright.



----- *Flammas ad Culmina jactant.*  
----- *Fanque excisa trabe, firma Cavavit*  
*Robora, & ingentem lato dedit ore Fenestram,*  
*Apparet Domus intus, & atria longa patefcunt.*

Virg. *Æd.* 1.

Licens'd November 20. 1668.

Roger L'Estrange.

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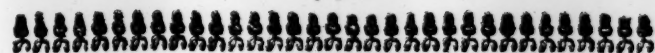
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(3)



AN  
E S S A Y  
ON

The Ruins in St. *Paul's*  
Cathedral.

---

I.

**W**As it a vain Curiosity or no?  
Or some kind Pitty to the Sacred Place,  
Bid me, to view the Deform'd Carcass go,  
Of which so oft I've seen the Beautious face?

2.

I know not what it was: but surely I  
Should, Reverend Mother, much unnatural be  
Not to call in and visit, going by,  
Though thou want'st Speech and Power to welcom me.

A 2

3. Want

( 4 )

3.

Want Speech ? Ah no ! were *Donne* and *Collet* here,  
And all those Oratours that enrich thy Story,  
They could not half so lively make appear  
Death, Change, and Emptiness of Mundane Glory.

4.

Loe ! they're all here whom I suppos'd. How must  
This object penetrate, where they did teach  
Those Doctrines, now lye blended in their Dust ;  
And even these Stones assume their place and Preach ?

5.

The parts so many in this Sermon are,  
As there are Places in this ruin'd Pile.  
*The Quire.* First see, where that wild Dunghill lyes, just there  
Beauty and order late enthron'd, ere while.

6.

Beauty, what art thou, posting thus away ?  
If *Paul* that stood this Islands fame and Grace  
Above ten Centurys, fell in one Day ;  
Ah ! canst thou last one Moment in a face ?

7. See

(5)

7.

See in that place Confusions thick sown field  
With Limbs of Tombs: A Ladys arm lyes there  
Of Aliblaste, in a Marble Shield,  
'Twixt half a Knight, and a Devote at Prayer.

*Broken Effigies*

8.

A Casual Heap of divers sorts of Stone,  
In several Forms, all met from several ways,  
As if their Meeting were design'd alone  
A Monument to Discord for to raise.

9.

Here's an imperfect Limb, and there lyes more:  
Thus, (Poets sing) when the Great Floud was gone,  
Lookt Pyrrha's Stones which did mankind restore,  
Their humain shape scarce being half put on.

10.

What Lead is that so bruis'd and smeard with filth,  
Lyes on the Brink of a new open'd Grave,  
Like a fresh Furrow turn'd up by the Tialth,  
Or Wrack new cast ashore by th' angry Wave?

*A Loaden  
Coffin.*

11. See,

L

## 11.

Hic jacet Ni-  
cholaus Bacon  
Stiles quon-  
dam Censor  
magis Sigilli  
Angliae sub  
Elizabetham  
Reginam quā  
functus est in officio Viginti Annos. Obiit Anno Domini 1578. Cast in the  
Lead.

See, Letters too; that say, *Bacon* lyes here  
First Chancelour of that name, who heretofore  
Kept that disquiet Office twenty year;  
But cannot keep the peaceful Grave five Score.

## 12.

This Lead in *Pauls* might well a wonder show;  
But that Humility is Ruin-proof:  
Safe and intire this lay i'th' floor below,  
Whilst Flames did humble that above the Roof.

## 13.

A skull. Ha! what is that peeps through yon Grave and Shroud  
With such a frighted and a frightfull Look?  
Gastly as Comets from behind a Cloud,  
When they declare what's writ in fates black Book.

## 14.

Gallants, what think you, will this Fashion do?  
A Wig may well supply his loss of hair;  
His Nose is gone, that may be wanting too:  
But here's no Eyes, ah! that is past repair.

15. Now

a *Curry his for fine Manners*

Now would you have an Object to invade  
 All that is Man within you, by the Sight;  
 See there Death's Presence Chamber quite display'd:  
 Ha! this doth both the Eye and Nose affright.

*A Dead Body  
 half sciss'd*

Yet mind how that bold Sexton there doth tread  
 Familiarly upon the *Trunk* half Clay,  
 And crams to it the Bones of several Dead:  
 Sure he's more dead and Senseless than are they.

Look here, you Wantons, for like this must be  
 Your last soft Bed, and spacious Room:  
 Such Garb, such Mirth, and such Gay Company,  
 And such an odouriferous perfume.

Where's the rich *Cenotaph*, and richer *Shrine*?  
 That seem'd these Bones to have Eternized,  
 Which Princes made Majestick, Saints divine:  
 All funk, and perisht all, as are their Dead.

*The No Monument*

19.

Memorials need their Epitaphs : we might  
 ( Could we as truly point the where and whom ).  
 With some Coal of this ruin'd Fabrick, write  
 Here lyes within this place that great Man's Tomb.

20.

'False Guardians ! you but ill discharge your Trust,  
 Thus from your silent Wards to fall away;  
 Mingling your Rubbish with their finer Dust :  
 Whilst of your Dead you nothing shew or say.

21.

Bishop Bray-  
 brook suppo-  
 sed.

Scarcely their Names remain. Yet one of these  
 Slept in his Grave two hundred years, intire.  
 Nor wonder : He who owns this house can please  
 To guard his Saints both from the Earth and fire.

22.

Thou Reverend Man, if I may'nt call thee more  
 Then such, when to this perfect shape of thine  
 Flames knew their Distance, and worms seem'd t'adore,  
 Thou wast thine own best Epitaph, and Shrine.

23. But



23.

But how could Tombs preserve their Dead, so small?  
 When *Pauls*, nor them, nor her own self could save:  
 The greater Monument did on the lesser fall;  
 And what was once their Glory, is their Grave.

24.

This Ponderous Fall in its sad Passage hath  
 Open'd a place that was both Roof and flore:  
 A Reverend Vault sacred to holy *Faith*  
 Which ne're was violated thus before.

*St. Faiths  
 Church.*

25.

Now the fam'd Tower's ta'ne down, and with good cause, *The Steeple.*  
 Though a fair Landmark 'twas: yet for the Head  
 Still to survive, is against Natures Laws,  
 When all the Body and its Limbs are dead.

26.

See yet another Ruin; here were laid  
 Choice Authors, by the Servants of the Muses:  
 And here to Sacrilegious flames betray'd:  
 To spare or Wit or Temples fire refuses.

*A paper Tyne.*

B

27. These

27.

These half burnt Papers lying here, needs must  
 Be for the Library of the Dead mistook :  
 And for a Schollar fall himself to Dust  
 Ashes of paper is a proper Book.

28.

Couldst thou not, *Pauls*, in all thy Vaults of Stone,  
 Preserve these Papers from the tyrant flame ?  
 When thou by Paper, and by it alone,  
 Art still preserv'd to triumph o're the same.

29.

Were't not for Books where had thy Memory been ?  
 But that thou art, in *Dugdale's* learned Story  
 And beautilous Illustrations, to be seen,  
 Thy Name had been as lost as is thy Glory.

Williams Dug-  
 dale *E/93*

30.

Norroy Knight  
 at Armr.

Brave *Norroy*, as thou to this Fabricks name  
 A living Monument hast rais'd, so the  
 Shall prove ( in spite of a prevailing flame )  
 An everlasting Monument to thee.

L'Envoy.

## L'Envoy.

Once Beautious, and still Reverend Tile,  
 Mayst thou rise up the Glory of this Ile,  
 Much more Majestick than thou wast er'e while.

Mayst thou a Resurrection have  
 Bright as thy Saints, from this thy mournful Grave:  
 May a Quires Beauty shine even in thy Nave.

Mayst thou be built of such a lasting Frame,  
 Such Strength shall laugh at any future flame,  
 And such a Majesty shall awe the same.

But where shall then this Generation be?  
 \* And who shall live that Miracle to see,  
 A Beauty grow out of Deformity?

FINIS.

Thou Diddst  
 Live to see it finish'd

G Wren.

By